Iceberg Party Chronicle

Expedition Paper Project

Volume 4 July 10th 2020

Masquerade

Our dreary winter existence was enlivened this week by an entertainment of singular magnificence — a BAL MASQUÉ! Despite the organizers' fear of a chilly reception to their proposed diversion, the event proved well attended, and the evening went on like a house on fire. People travelled for miles to attend—which, considering our two ships are a mere stone's throw apart, does make one wonder about their navigational abilities.

The organizers spared no expense in decoration or refreshment. The ballroom was so admirably decorated that, save for the temperature, the guests could be forgiven for thinking it a London assembly room. We were charmed to sample the local cuisine—the finest ices, accompanied by *tripe de roche.* The latter proved a most interesting dainty—shoe leather would, we think, have been preferable. Thankfully punch was readily available to wash down this curious confection, courtesy of a cheerful publican who bore a striking resemblance to our own dear captain.

In a melancholy turn of events, one of this country's leading lights failed to make an appearance—yes, despite receiving a particular invitation from the organizers, the Sun was nowhere to be seen. We are reliably informed that this brilliant personage was so mortified by his faux pas that he has resolved not to show his face in public for the next two months in penance.

The attendees, however, soon eclipsed this absent guest. A greater gathering of motley characters has surely never been seen on these shivering shores. We witnessed society ladies waltzing with pirates and penguins, shy ghosts haunting the corners of the ballroom, and even a fisherman dancing a reel with Lord Nelson. (His Lordship, we were gratified to see, proved surprisingly nimble for having been dead so many years). Truly, the effect was beyond description. Particular congratulations are due to a genuine pearl of our crew, the unknown person who, in a true feat of ingenuity, disguised themself as a giant clam. However, Mr. Clam's tendency to occupy such a large portion of the dance floor was less commendable and, we fear, a sad artifact of his shellfish nature. Despite this obstacle, dancing continued until the early hours, with much hilarity all around. Many guests expressed wishes that the night would never end—wishes that the polar winter has most easily granted. All told, it was a most delightful evening.

Addendum: The organizers would like it to be known that they have collected several items lost in the general

festivities, which their owners may retrieve by application. These lost items include one ladies' garter, one judge's wig (powdered), two masks (one blue domino, one fox), and a certain lieutenant's dignity.

— Your social correspondent, H.T. (@handfuloftime)

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There was a fete in the ice

There was a fete in the ice.
They gave us a chest and some sail
And told us to make empire.
We made gardens and kitchens,
Twelfth cakes and mother's pie.
The cabin boy became captain
For knowing how to braid hair.
Holystoning to dressmaking,
Ice picks to needles.
We sluiced away and erected the flaps
That would remind us of home.
And we danced and played and drank,
And the steward pressed his palms to my waist,
And told me I was lovely.
There was a fete in the ice.

— Nyan de plume

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An announcement of

A GRAND PHANTASMAGORICAL EXHIBITION

AND

MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT.

To Be Preceded by
A Few Words on Polar Magnetics,
by Capt. C– – –,
Illustrated with Interpretive Dance.

To be followed by a Series of

SHADOW PUPPET SCENES ;

Consisting of
Detailed Representations of
Remarkable Places across the Globe;
Historical Events;
Things in Foreign Climes
&c.
As interpreted
by Ship's Boy G.C.
who has, he assures us,
"Never before this trip left Woolwich."

After which, the Mythical Adventures of

DIONYSUS AND THE DOLPHINS

Will be related (in Greek)
by Lieut. I– – –.

In the next place, Commr. G– – –
Will Give a Lifelike and Deeply
Worrisome Mimicry of Various

LOCAL FLORA AND FAUNA ;

and
Second Mate C– – –
Will recite the True and Touching

Tale of Tom Bowline's Towel

To conclude with
Some Incredibly Amusing
Comedic Sketches.

The festivities will begin at 8.00 on the dot, or 8 bells precisely, provided, of course, that the bellringer has finished his dinner at this time *unlike last week*.

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The last laments of love at the pole

I left my love on England's shore to sail the Southern sea

For the promise of great glory and gold

I'd give up the pole to have my love's arms around me

All this endless ice which I so wish to flee

All these years and stories left untold

I left my love on England's shore to sail the Southern sea

To find the pole, they said, our journey was key

We were then so young, brave, and bold

I'd give up the pole to have my love's arms around me

I'd forget the riches and fame with one last plea

Makes little sense when I won't live to be old

I left my love on England's shore to sail the Southern sea

The captain tells us we've run out of tea

What's left now but death in the unyielding cold

I'd give up the pole to have my love's arms around me

At the frozen pole, another flagpole stands like a tree

With no way home, my fate I behold

I left my love on England's shore to sail the Southern sea

I'd give up the pole to have my love's arms around me

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The Royal Antarctic Theatre

Will be reopened on Friday next by a Distinguished Dramatic Company

Under the Benevolent Patronage of all the Nobility and Gentry of the neighborhood (including – but not limited to – their Penguinish Majesties.)

The reputation of this Company stretches from pole to pole. The Manager has spared neither trouble nor expense in forming this Company and has selected none but the very best *artistes* from amongst our Two Adventurous Crews.

The Scenic arrangements, under the direction of our celebrated artist Professor Hooker, replicate with perfect verisimilitude the environs of warmer lands, and are to be recognized as truly without compare in theatre-houses the world over.

So, for the First Time in this Latitude,

THE HYPOBOREANS !!!

Will have the Honour of Performing an ORIGINAL COMPOSITION by our own Second Master J.E. Davis, entitled

Much Ado About Everything

A Sequel to the Bard's Beloved "Much Ado About Nothing."

And featuring a

CAST OF CHARACTERS

THUS ENNUMERATED

Commr. Benedick, *A Lively and Pugnacious Officer in the Navy, who has caught the eye of the fiery Ms. Beatrice*

Portrayed by Capt. Crozier.

Admiral Sir Pedro, *A Benevolent Sea-Captain and friend of Commr. Benedick*

Portrayed by Lieut. M'Murdo.

Captain Sir John, *A Dastardly Villain and the illegitimate brother of Captain Sir Pedro*

Portrayed by Lieut. Kay.

Lieut. Claudio, *An Enthusiastic Youth, who has perhaps not learned his lesson about trusting his young wife, Hero*

Portrayed by Lieut. Sibbald.

Ms. Beatrice, *A Fierce Fighter in the Battle of the Sexes, who has not been tamed by her recent amorous feelings for a certain Commr. B.*

Portrayed by Capt. Ross.

Mrs. Hero, *A Young Wife, the Jewel of Italy, and the Light of her Husband's Eye*

Portrayed by a Steward Who Wishes to Remain Uncredited.

There will be an Interval of 10 minutes between the third and fourth acts. During this Interval the renowned vocalist MR. SMITH will sing TIDES WERE DECEIVERS EVER.

The Franklin Expedition Numbers Puzzle

Numbers may appear both backward and forward but not diagonally!

68 14 44.8 98 52 22.3
68 17 44.2 98 40 17.9
68 13 15.4 98 32 16.2
68 10 16.5 98 44 19.3

} coordinates for the protected zone of the ship archeology site

16 April 1786	Sir John Franklin date of birth
11 June 1847	Sir John Franklin date of death
17 September 1796	Francis Crozier date of birth
27 July 1813	James Fitzjames date of birth
4 December 1791	Lady Jane Franklin date of birth
18 July 1875	Lady Jane Franklin date of death
5 November 1828	Wedding of John and Jane Franklin
29 June 1813	Terror launch date
12 September 2016	Terror rediscovery date
7 June 1826	Erebus launch date
2 September 2014	Erebus rediscovery date
19 May 1845	Expedition start date
22 April 1848	Terror & Erebus abandoned date
102 27	Terror dimensions
105 28.5	Erebus Dimensions
325 372	Tons of displacement for Terror & Erebus respectively
136656	lbs of flour on the ships
23576	lbs of sugar on the ships
4822 4628 9450	lbs of chocolate on Terror, on Erebus, and in total
20000	pounds sterling reward for finding the expedition
31 March 1854	Admiralty pronounced members as Died in Service
21 April 1854	Inuit tell John Rae the crew died of starvation
2 July 1857	McClintock rescue mission begins
28 May 1847	Date on first note left in cairn
25 April 1848	Date of second note left in cairn
5 May 1859	Date cairn with notes discovered

4360 km
2710 miles

} Frederick Schwatka's rescue mission set time and distance records for journey by dog sledge.

9	5	8	1	5	0	5	0	2	5	1	8	4	3	0	0	7
0	6	8	1	4	4	4	8	9	8	5	2	2	2	3	6	5
3	9	1	4	1	0	2	9	0	2	0	8	4	5	1	8	8
5	7	8	1	7	0	8	1	6	4	4	1	8	3	4	1	1
7	1	4	1	0	4	1	2	1	7	9	1	2	7	6	3	7
1	0	2	2	7	0	7	1	8	1	3	1	2	2	9	1	0
7	4	0	0	0	0	2	4	1	9	6	5	4	2	3	5	2
0	8	7	9	1	8	1	8	3	0	7	0	6	1	3	4	0
9	9	7	2	6	3	5	8	2	5	0	1	2	0	8	9	4
1	2	2	0	4	1	8	4	8	2	7	5	8	4	1	8	5
7	4	8	1	6	0	1	1	4	3	0	2	9	1	6	3	8
9	4	1	6	8	0	6	3	4	7	6	7	4	8	0	2	1
6	7	1	5	4	8	1	5	0	9	1	1	5	5	4	1	3
7	1	2	8	0	5	1	8	4	7	8	0	0	4	1	6	0
1	8	4	8	1	1	6	7	5	3	2	3	5	9	7	2	1
8	6	3	9	1	4	4	8	9	5	6	1	0	1	8	6	3
6	5	6	6	3	1	2	5	0	4	1	8	4	8	6	7	9

-Calypso

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Calypso

The event notices are inspired by those included in The Arctic Journal of Captain Henry Wemyss Feilden, R.A., The Naturalist in H.M.S. Alert, 1875-1876, ed. Trevor H. Levere for the Hakluyt Society. 2019. Adapted by @dedraconesilet

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Nausinous / @dedraconesilet

The Expedition Paper Project is a collaborative bi-weekly zine in the style of polar expedition papers of the 19th and 20th century

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